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"What fools these Mortals be!"
MIDSUMMER-NIGHTS DREAM.

Puck

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EDITOR H. C. BUNNER

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CARTOONS AND COMMENTS.

THIS, our last word for the campaign, though it will reach our readers on Wednesday, is written before Election Day. It is written in the sincere hope and faith that on Tuesday Cleveland will be elected President of the United States, to take his seat as the representative of those who, independent of party prejudices and affiliations, earnestly desire honest and clean-handed government for their country. We have looked and labored for this election, seeing in him, as the candidate of patriotic Republicans and Democrats alike, a living rebuke to the folly and corruption that have shamed the country with the nomination of James G. Blaine.

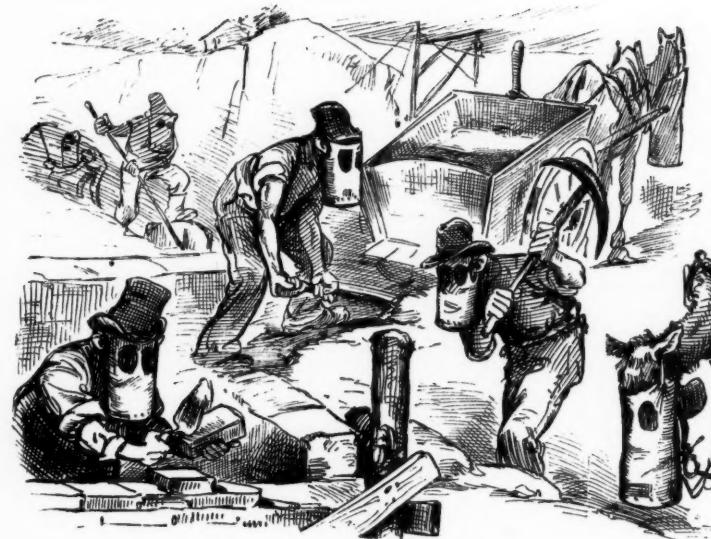
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The work of the contest over, we wait the uncertain issue with hope and without fear. If when these lines are read James G. Blaine is elected to the seat of Washington, we shall mourn deeply the ineradicable disgrace put upon this country; we shall have before us the duty of recognizing as President of the United States a man whom we believe to be hopelessly and shamelessly corrupt, and the pain of seeing the degradation of a nation in which such a dishonor is possible. But that is all. The election may be lost; but our Cause is not lost.

* * *

Whatever may be the issues of Tuesday's contest, defeat or victory, the work of Reform, the battle against organized corruption, must go on. We have seen that there were corrupt men, weak men, thoughtless men to vote for Blaine. We have seen also that there were men of high courage and principle, who could rise above out-worn tradition, above narrow

THE CENTURY OF HASTE.



A NOT IMPOSSIBLE DEVELOPMENT OF THE ECONOMY OF LABOR, MODELED ON THE EQUINE PLAN.

prejudice, above fear and above the desire of favor, who have cast in their lot with those who led the struggle for honesty and patriotism.

* * *

Those men remain with us. In defeat or in victory, they are honorable. Whether the election of Cleveland hastens the event, or the election of Blaine sets it back, their ultimate triumph and the triumph of justice are inevitable. They have taken up the sword, and they will not lay it down until this country is honestly, wisely and patriotically governed. With this firm assurance, with the consciousness that we have fought for the right side, we may wait with a calm spirit to learn whether it is to-day the winning side.

That's right, throw away the old properties. The play is over and the curtain will not be rung up again for four years, and then there will be some new ones needed, for these seem to be pretty well worn out. But don't be too rough with them. Show them some of the respect that is due to veterans that have done yeoman's service in the Cause. There is the Bloody Shirt, very little worn in spite of its twenty years of service. It will be needed again, for it was a good shirt once—a long time ago. And then there is the British Gold. If it had not been handled so roughly the bag would not have broken and disclosed the fact that it was stuffed with sand. After all, that is more than can be said of the Clerical Scandal-Monger. He never had any sand in his bag. He is stuffed with something else, and, if we may judge from the expression of his face, he does not like the smell of it himself. Cart him off before the Board of Health has time to serve a notice. If you want another next election it will be easy enough to get one.

* * *

The great battle is over. Benjamin has been met, and he is the enemy's. He is done for

ever now. He is as sad and dejected as the old turkey-gobbler who will get his Thanksgiving-dinner in the shape of an axe. Butler, with Grady, Dana and his other pals and supporters, goes marching into oblivion on the familiar starvation gait of the Pinafore company on its way from the Western town in which it burst to the East. They have all turned their backs on Washington, for Washington has turned its back on them. Poor old Belva Lockwood!

* * *

The artist has done his best to smoothe her pathway by investing her face with as much dignity and sweetness as possible. The hand of caricature has fallen lightly on the shining poll of Benjamin also; but it has not dealt leniently with Grady. It has pictured him exactly as he is—with his bogus implements of labor. He is the true friend of the working-man. He thinks it enough if they labor eight hours a day with their hands, while he is willing to work twenty-four hours with his jaw. Then there is cranky old Dana with his horn slung behind his back, and, last of all, the most respectable member of the party—the faithful colored servant.

* * *

Now that the campaign is over, it is probable that a great many respectable Republicans who have been obliged to dispense with the daily newspapers of their own political faith on account of the clerical and other kinds of filth which disgraced them will be able to bring them again into their homes. But, on the other hand, there are others who have been disgusted not only with the scandals, but with the papers which gave them publicity. They will keep on buying respectable Democratic and Independent journals which have been decent throughout the campaign, and the *Tribune* and others of its kind will be found to be the heavy losers when both sides have time to sit down and count the killed and wounded.

AFTER ELECTION.

AN IDYL OF A COUNTRY NEWSPAPER OFFICE.



High noon in Beanville. High noon in the Deacon's shady door-yard, which echos no more to the Summer-boarders' tread, and on the dusty road along which the red stage has just passed. High noon in the *Eagle* editorial-room, where the mammoth squash slowly ripens at the south window and the "locals" blossom on the white page. High noon in the composing-room, where the foreman is prophesying disaster, while the compositors devour custard-pie and clamor hoarsely for more "copy." High noon—and the paper must go to press at two o'clock.

The youngest apprentice has gone over to the undertaker's shop and the doctor's office to get the correct list of the deaths and births. The boy tarries on the way, and while he tarries the clock ticks, the foreman swears, and the snake-stories flutter merrily on the "brevier hook."

The editor, returning from his dinner, enters the composing-room and asks what has become of the string. The foreman, still snarling and swearing, fishes it out from the box where the quoins are kept, and casually observes:

"Four columns to set, and the paper won't get to press before midnight."

"Four columns be blowed!" says the editor: "there's less than a column. I've kept track of all the copy that's been given out."

"Then mebbe I'm a liar," says the foreman.

"Shouldn't wonder," retorts his theoretically superior officer.

The compositors suspend work while the matter is measured up.

"Three-quarters of a column to set," says the editor, holding up the string at arm's length.

"You measured that matter on the standing-

galley, didn't you?" says the foreman, with a tinge of irony in his voice.

"Of course, I did. Didn't you tell me last week it was alive?"

"So it was, then; but that ain't to say that it's alive now," says the foreman, who feels that he is master of the situation: "I'll just tell you what that matter is. There's that editorial of yours on the political crisis that was left out to make room for the circus-ad two weeks ago; and there's your other editorial predicting a majority in the State of twenty thousand, which isn't exactly timely, seein' we've lost by twenty-five thousand; and then there's a column of political jokes, and the editorial you wrote on 'Our Great Triumph'—you wrote it election morning, so's to have it ready in case you had a head on you the next day. Now, if that's your idea of live matter, just say so, and we'll put it in. If not, just be good enough to tell me how we can get to press by two o'clock—or by six, for that matter."

And the foreman, who had purposely said nothing about the "standing matter," in order that he might have a chance to crow over his theoretical chief on publication day, folded his arms, and assumed a Douglas-round-him-drew-his-cloak cast of countenance.

But the editor did not weaken. He simply opened the drawer of the imposing-table, took out seventeen dusty electrotype roosters which had reposed there since the previous election, and remarked:

"Put 'em all in with the heads down, and make as much of the defeat as possible; stick three or four on every page, and next time you are short of matter, don't stand around with your hands in your pockets and your jaw wagging, but get up and do something."

Then he strode away to his editorial-room, and the vanquished foreman got the paper to press, quickly and meekly.

THE DECAYING YEAR.

The farmer is busy thrashing,
I hear the muffled blows,
And also the fellow yelling
Who gets the flail on the toes.
I hear the partridge drumming
Among the beeches dense,
And I see the chipmunk running
Along the old rail-fence.
And out in the russet stubble
The quail doth sweetly pipe,
And upon the breakfast-table
The old slapjack is ripe.

A FAIR OFFER.



"DOCTOR, IF YOU WILL ONLY KEEP THEM OUT OF THE GRAVE YOU CAN HAVE THE WHOLE LOT OF 'EM."

Putterings.



I'M GROWING old and white,
My age is sixty-three;
On my feet I'm not as lively
As once I used to be.

I cannot jump around
As I used to in a reel,
Or saw eight cords of fire-wood
Before my morning meal.

I'm clearly on the shelf,
My strength has gone away;
I sit round the tavern fire,
And dream the livelong day.

But still I want a place
To earn my daily beer,
And make me blithe and happy,
And fill me with good cheer.

And so I'll put my "ad"
In the papers right away;
I'll state I'm old and sober,
And after that I'll say—

The country I prefer,
And there I'd like to be
Employed as the nobly coachman
Of a wealthy fami-lee.

SIMPLY IMMENSE—David Davis.

A PILLOW-SHAM—A Boarding-House Pillow.

EVERY BRASS SOUP-TUREEN has a silver lining.

A CALICO WRAPPER—The Dry-Goods Clerk.

A FIGURE-HEAD—The Lightning Calculator.

THE HIGHWAYMAN generally draws your watch on demand.

ENDED IN SMOKE—The Girl who Tried to Light the Fire with Kerosene.

WHERE IS the temperance orator that would not like to see a brandy-smash?

A RAG-DEALER who voted for St. John was accused of working the growler the day before election. He saved his reputation by explaining that he had merely hitched his dog to the rag-cart and made him pull it.

AN EDITOR just jumps and tears his hair, and fills the place with dust, when he asks the foreman to bring him a galley-proof of all the matter in type, and the foreman hands him about a yard of political items that the editor sat up half the night to write, and which now are perfectly worthless because the election is over.

A YOUNG LADY up-town was recently missing from home for several days. Her distracted parents sent detectives forth in search of her, and after they had scoured the country in vain, she was given up. The grief of her parents knew no bounds, and when they were just resigning themselves to the awful calamity, the young lady walked in and stated that she had simply been waiting for her change in a Sixth Avenue dry-goods store.

FERRY FANCIES.

An ever-changing panorama of human nature may be seen on a ferry-boat. Not on a craft which merely runs across the river. On a short trip like that, people are not at ease. They do not "come out." Of the longer ferries I speak, whose transit requires a half-hour or more. Here life may be studied in nearly all its relations. In this democratic quarter of the globe, if there be social classes to divide, at least the division is not made on the *Nokomis*.

There is one cabin, one saloon for all. The merchant prince, who can not spell, is permitted to sit right "alongside" a college graduate who took a prize with his thesis on "The Resources of Mesopotamia," and who now earns four dollars per week in a law-office. Although, as I have remarked, there is no separation of the classes, yet they are not "all in the same boat," by any means.

Oh, no. By their boat ye shall know them.

Here we have a manifest distinction. The man who takes the "seven boat" is a porter or a millionaire. He is one who is forced to work for a crust, or one who loves to pile up the dross because he knows nothing better. These millionaires by achievement get so in the habit of slaving, poor creatures, that they become simply amalgamating machines.

That old bird there, leaning back against the side, is a millionaire. He buys tainted fruit because he can get it cheaper. This is a trait (called *tray* by English orators) of many plutocrats. It does seem a pity, when you come to think of it, to buy good strawberries, when decayed ones are so much lower. Besides, only the children eat them, anyway.

On the first boat to town, then, are those who work to save their souls, and those who work because they never had a soul to save. On the next boat come those who are a little higher up, (or lower down,) upper clerks and small tradesmen. At nine or ten look out for bank-presidents, not yet Canadianized, and young men of unlimited incomes and limited tastes, with plenty of money to enjoy life, but too stupid to know how. They are the sons and grandsons of grubbers, and can not be blamed for not inheriting intelligence and refined instincts.

Let us look at a few types, and—"place aux dames." Ladies do not show off to advantage on a ferry-boat. We don't know why, but such is the fact. For one thing, some of them are too fond of talking at the people who surround them, instead of conversing with their escorts.

There's Mrs. McGabble, just returned from Paris. Who the d—l cares how much she paid at the Grand Hotel for a suite of "appartements" on the first floor? Not the friend now with her. She has heard the story a dozen times before: didn't believe it the first time, and doesn't now. Besides, her friend is not deaf, and Mrs. McGabble all but screams that corollary about the bill at Worth's.

Mrs. McGabble, I believe you are talking to me, one of the crowd, the public. You are surely looking at me, as I can see over the top of my anti-Blaine paper, and you know you are elevating your voice tremendously. Now, Mrs. McGabble, don't, please don't. I'll tell you why.

In the first place, you are conducting to the discomfort of the passengers. It is not pleasant to hear a woman scream. Then again you are defeating your own object, for you must have an object. You want to convince us of your position and culture. But you fail.

That is terrible French you just used. It is not even so good as they speak in Boston. Liqueur is not, in French or English, pronounced *lik-your*, save in the vicinity of Back Bay.

I like you, Mrs. McGabble, because—well,

because you are good-looking. You have pleasant features, and are good-tempered. I'll wager you understand how to give a jolly dinner. If you only would not declaim. Reflect, madam, and forego it, for you may be a widow some day.

And you, Sir Doughty Doughface. Won't you rent a rink, secure the hippodrome, or, as the phrase is, hire a hall? Who are you, that we, the public, should care for your political opinions? You have never read history, and you know it—not even the French Revolution or the Life of Cromwell. You are as innocent of political economy as a babe unborn.

You have never heard of Mill, or Ricardo, or Adam Smith, or Spencer, or Buckle, or Draper, or Lecky, or De Tocqueville, or Froude, or Hallam—have you, now?

What of it?

Why, a good deal of it, Sir Doughty. You would not talk upon chemistry with like ill preparation, would you? And is not the social organism more important than any physical concretion of atoms, and molecules, and cysts, and cells? What do you know about endosmose and exosmose? Nothing? Well, then, study up, and keep still. We are not all so ill-informed as you are, and it bores us to hear you prove yourself an ass.

You'll stop it, won't you?

VIATOR.

UNHAPPY TO-DAY is the man who voted not wisely, but too often—and was captured.

WE SHOULD not denounce the man who practices on the cornet. We should go to the root of the evil, and make all teachers and manufacturers of this engine amenable to the law.

MAX O'RELL has what in irreverent parlance is called the "deadwood" on American humorists. He has written a book on English women, happy in the undisturbed consciousness that the American humorists, held close in the embrace of an affectionate and lingering impudence, must stay at home and continue to wrestle with the natural defects of the females of Chicago, St. Louis and Boston.

"IT'S VERY queer," said Jones, as he tried on the hats he had won: "they are all just my size—7 $\frac{1}{2}$."

"When did you give the hatters your size?" inquired his wife.

"Yesterday afternoon."

"And you haven't sense enough to remember that your morning size is always 7 $\frac{1}{2}$?"

Then Jones went out on business.

"HELLO, SMITH!" said one enthusiastic sportsman, greeting another: "did you go quail-shooting on the first?"

"You bet."

"Have good sport?"

"Well, I should say so. Emptied three flasks myself."

"Emptied three flasks of powder? By Jove!"

"No, not powder—whiskey."

FREE LUNCH.

A MAN SAT at a boarding-house table cutting away at a steak with might and main.

"You would make a good picture now," said a companion: "and it could be called 'Patience.'"

"I think I would make a better battle-piece," replied the perspiring boarder.

"A battle-piece?"

"Certainly, a battle-piece," the boarder replied, as he glared ferociously at the steak: "and it might be called 'The Battle of Bull Run.'"

MAHOMET SAYS that if a word is worth one shekel, silence is worth two; but the average man, backed by fifty Mahomets, couldn't force such a proverb as that down the woman who is asking for a new seal-skin sacque, and knows she can get one only by a hard and desperate tongue-fight.

SO YOU WANT to know why English jokes are commonly called chestnuts, eh? We don't know for sure, but think it must be because they come done up in such thick bristling burrs that you have to smash them open to enjoy them.

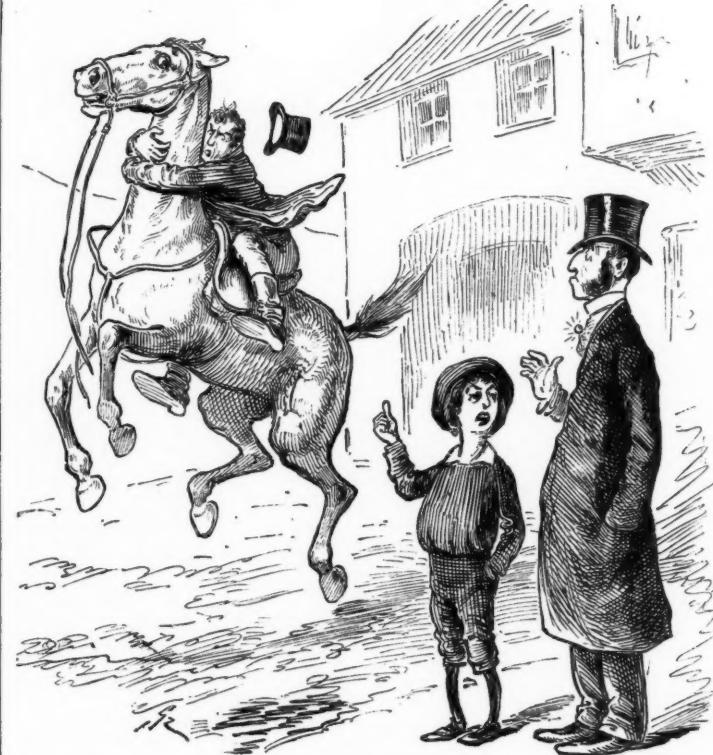
HERE'S ONE we forgot to ask before election: What is the difference between Blaine and Butler? Answer: One dodges the issues and the other issues the dodges.

THIS IS the time of year when the city sportsman with a two-hundred-dollar gun wonders why he can't get as many rabbits as the country boy with a figure-four trap.

THE ELECTION being over, the next great national question to be settled is whether Yale can disable Princeton at foot-ball before Princeton can paralyze Yale.

MR. ST. JOHN! Oh, Mr. St. John! Is the water very cold now?

A LARGE CONTRACT.



"LOOK AT THE MAN, POP—AIN'T HE JUST SASSY, A-TRYING TO STRANGLE A HOSS!"

OUR NEW YORK NIGHT-SCHOOLS.—A FEW OF THE BRANCHES TAUGHT.



ASTRONOMY.



SPELLING.



ARITHMETIC.—Subtraction.



DEAD LANGUAGES.



NAVIGATION.



DRAWING.



ANATOMY.



PAINTING—"The Town Red."

ANTONY'S VOW.

As a profound classical scholar, I am often asked:

"Why did Antony fall in love with Cleopatra? Was it because she had small feet, or was it the seductiveness of her rare intelligence?"

Let me answer this question once for all.

Concerning Cleopatra's personal charms the learned commentators are totally irreconcilable. Men say she was *chic*; women that she was only *cheeky*. Some authorities claim for her the graceful form of the Arabian luter, "Alif," while others state in unqualified terms that she was obliged to drink vinegar to keep her flesh down. One author represents her as of surpassing beauty, and we think we see why Antony loved her; but the next writer says she was "queenly," and we wonder what the poor youngster was thinking about.

In this distressing state of uncertainty have pupils studied their Roman history and passed examinations, become professors and lapsed into bald-headed old fogies; but the mystery was still unsolved.

It will not be unsolved any longer. There is one point on which all agree, and that will furnish us the necessary clue. Cleopatra was imperious. Her eyes, except when melted by love, were full of severity; her mouth, with its straight-cut lips, was as inflexible as a slit in a watermelon; her nose was that of a conqueror.

Antony, at this period, was living a blighted life. He had advertised to bury Caesar, and he had buried him in excellent style; but when the undertakers' bills came in he was stunned. He desired to die. Romans always made it a point to die in their country's service, so as to secure a free monument and get their names in the Latin Reader. Accordingly, Antony went up into the Forum of the *Tribune*, killed a goat, and made the following vow:

"O Rome, Rome! Rome County, Rome, to wit: I, Mark Antony, being under the influence of intoxicating liquor, do hereby solemnly swear (or affirm) that I will devote my life to this illustrious end, to wit: that there shall yet be within these sacred walls one fireside not governed by the imported cook; one home in which, if the images are broken, the gods shattered, or the penates knocked carelessly off the mantel-piece, the premeditated accident shall not be attributed to a harmless, necessary and factitious cat."

It was when actuated by this noble resolve that he wooed Cleopatra.

"Servants, now," said Antony: "live entirely *sub tegmine fagi* and have a splendid time. But when they see the dark-browed Queen of Egypt, they will come forth at an accelerated pace and take permanent quarters *sub tegmine jugi*. They will have just as much time, but it will not be so dazzlingly splendid. If Cleopatra superintends my house, there will be one servant who recognizes authority."

The learned reader will now see why Antony pretended to love Cleopatra.

"Why," I am asked: "could not Antony have been spared to carry out his laudable design?" To this I answer that he could have been spared very easily; but he fell on his cheese-knife one cold day, and his lofty purpose was overtaken. Let it be said, however, in honor of this brave man, that he did not fear to marry the hideous Cleopatra. During his courtship he was cheerful and, apparently, even gay and hilarious. His lofty and intrepid spirit sank only when he learned that the envenomed cooks of Rome had lobbied the repeal of the divorce laws. Ceasing to hope, he ceased to live. FUSH.

IT is a wise bank that knows its own president.

CURRENT COMMENT.

BELVA LOCKWOOD is immediately going into bankruptcy. She bet twenty-seven bonnets on her election. They cost eighteen dollars each. Poor Belva!

"THE ONLY man who can 'knock down' and be honest is the auctioneer,"—*Daily News*. Wrong again, old man; you've forgotten the prize-fighter. He can, you know.

SHOT SILKS are among the most fashionable goods of the season. If some one could only arrange matters so that shot hats would be fashionable, he would be a benefactor.

"I AM never merry when I hear sweet music," quoted Marcus Aurelius Baker, as he handed in his check for \$125 for a season subscription for his wife at the Academy of Music.

YOU CAN tell that the Winter is swiftly coming
When the woodbine dies on the water-spout,
And you find on your table the cake of buckwheat
And the linked sausage long drawn out.

A REVIEWER says: "Mrs. Lamb opens her *Magazine of American History* for November with an article on 'Unsuccessful Presidential Candidates.'" She does, eh? We'll bet two to one that she opened it with a button-hook or a cheese-knife.

"MAMA," SAID a little boy to his mother, the other day: "let me see you break Maud S.'s record; will you?"

"What do you mean?" asked the mother.
"Why," said the boy, innocently: "papa says you can talk faster than a horse can trot."

THE MELTING MARGIN.

"What is a margin?"

Ah, John Henry, lay down that paper in which you have been consulting the financial column, and come sit by me and look up into the near eye of your old bald-headed friend, guide and advice-dispenser, whilst he pours into your wealth of ear a few remarks upon the subject before the convention.

You are young and innocent, John Henry, and the habits of the fleeting margin which the broker taketh with a glad smile are yet a mystery to your budding mind. A margin, in financial parlance, is the money you put up with the broker when you make a deal in stocks, grain, pork, lard or oil, and which melteth away like unto your hard-earned week's wages at the merry, merry church-fair. Nothing under the sun, John Henry, melteth away with such suddenness and extreme impetuosity as the margin you handeth to the broker when you buyeth "long" or selleth "short." To-day it is to your credit, and to-morrow it is not.

Beware of the broker's back room, my son. Look not upon the "ticker" when it ticks. Don't ever think you "know it all." Verily, there is much woe and a large assortment of red-eyed remorse for the man who thinks he "knows it all."

You can look over the stock quotations most any day, John Henry, and see how you could have made a great deal of money before the water got hot by buying five hundred shares of the P. Q. & W., and selling it at present quotations; but, my son, you didn't buy it. And if you were to buy some P. Q. & W. now, ten to one it would go down, down till your margin wouldn't be as big as a five-cent cut of pie at a railroad restaurant; and if you didn't put up more the broker would sell out your P. Q. & W. before you could snap your eyes. Then, very likely, P. Q. & W. would go up. It is the way those things work, John Henry.

Dally not with stocks and futures, gentle youth. Do not think you are cut out for a great stem-winding stock operator because you have guessed how the market was going once

or twice. Do not decide to make a fortune between a late breakfast and an early dinner. Such a resolution often leads to ruin, or to Canada. Don't invest your money in margins. A margin is the little joker, my son: "Now you see it, and now you don't see it." It is in your hand to-day, and to-morrow it is elsewhere. The elsewhere ness of the money you put up with the broker as a margin when you make a deal is one of its striking peculiarities. After it leaves your hand its habit of being elsewhere grows upon it, John Henry.

Did you ever try to hold a live hornet by the hind-leg, my boy? No? Well, if you should try to hold a live hornet by the hind-leg it would kick and get away sort of sudden, would n't it? Yes? Very well. Don't try to double your money by speculating in stocks on margin until you can hold a live hornet by the hind-leg without dropping it in a hurried and undignified way.

If you have more money than you want, John Henry, buy a fast horse, or start a daily paper, or lend it to me. You will find a large-sized, long-felt want right here in the near pocket of your old bald-headed friend, guide and advice-dispenser. If you lend it to me you will probably never see it again, but the news that you have lost it will be broken to you gradually and gently, and thus you will be saved the surprise and shock that come to those who put their money in margins.

I once knew a man who had put his money up in margins to be so surprised by a telegram from his broker informing him of its extreme whenceness, that his mouth flew open so wide as to cause the back of his head to hit him a severe blow between the shoulders. Sudden shocks like that are believed by our best medical authorities to be very deranging to the system, and consequently somewhat dangerous.

There are many ways in which you can lose money just as readily as by buying stocks on a margin, John Henry; but there is no other way in which you can have it tear itself away from you with such exciting impetuosity and surprising *éclat*.

SCOTT WAY.

SERVANTS' SUAVITY.



MISTRESS.—"Bridget, I don't like the idea of having all these men down-stairs."
BRIDGET.—"Deivil a man here, mum; they all be gintlemen; but I will ax thim up-shairs if ye loikes."

PUCK.

THE EARL'S DAUGHTER.

The Popular Ideal of English Fiction and the Stern Reality.

AS SHE APPEARS IN NOVELS.

The heavy silken portières were swept aside by an obsequious menial, and Gwendoline, the Lady Lutestring, glided into the richly furnished east drawing-room. It was not difficult to see that it was noble blood which coursed through her veins. Her lissome form, her delicately shaped head, with its arching eyebrows, thin nostrils and curving lips, and her dainty foot, with its high instep, recalled vividly the peerless beauty of her mother, the dowager Lady Counterpane.

As she entered, Lord Fitz Herbert rose and bowed to her with high-bred grace.

"I have not kept you waiting long," she said, in silvery accents.

He did not answer her. He was lost in admiration of her wondrous beauty. "She is indeed the daughter of an earl," he said to himself.

AND IN REAL LIFE.

"What! A shilling apiece for those fish?"

"I'll make it tenpence, my lady."

The first speaker was a tall, gaunt young woman in goloshes. She was standing at the back door of Castle Chutney, in Wetmold-by-the-Stocks, Dorsetshire. She was haggling over tuppence with the purveyor of fish and fresh meat. Her eyes flashed and her lips curled haughtily as she made answer:

"Say ninepence and I'll take them."

There was something striking in the appearance of the woman whose beauty was the admiration of all who dwelt within sight of the lordly castle, at whose back door she was standing. The cool morning wind played lightly with the sandy hair which shaded her low brow. The sharp air had given a new lustre to her nose and the points of her rather prominent cheekbones. The goloshes, which hid her feet from view, left their generous imprint on the garden-walk.

When she had closed the audience with the fish-monger she turned, entered the house and made her way to the Gothic library in which her father sat.

"Papa," she said: "I beat him down to ninepence, and they are perfectly fresh."

"My angel daughter!" he exclaimed, imprinting a stately kiss on her tanned brow.

She was, indeed, the daughter of an earl and a chip of the old block.

ODD FELLOWSHIP—Butler and Kelly.

A PAIR OF DIVIDERS—Elkins and Kerns.

THE JUDGEMENT of Solomon was great; but it doesn't follow that he would have made a good base-ball umpire.

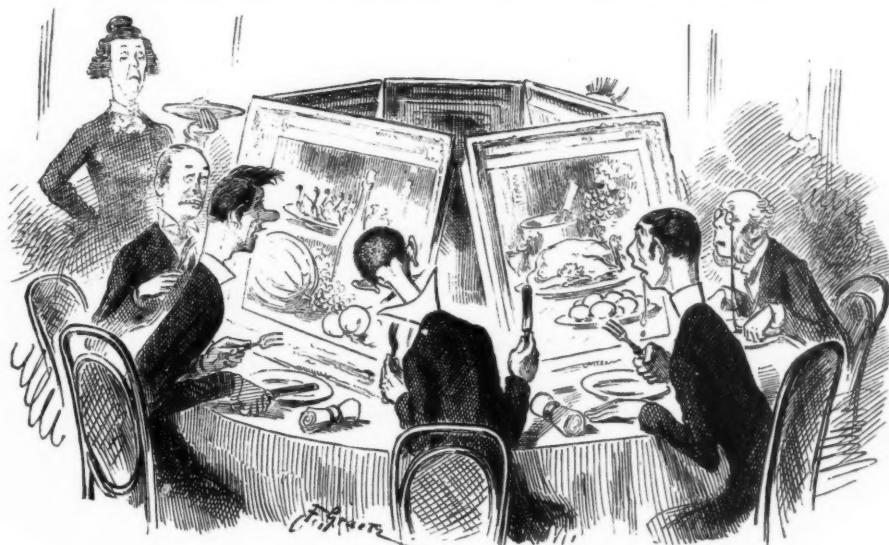
PRIDE MAY go before a fall, but, as a general thing, a great deal more pride—political pride—goes after the Fall election.

MYERS, THE American champion, will run for President at the next election. He has a great many records, and they are all good ones.

SOME OF the best poems in the English language are now and then a foot short; but this can not be said with equal truth of our best gas-meters.

THE PASSENGER-LIST of every incoming European steamer in the last few weeks has read like the roll of a meeting of Presbytery—all ministers.

THE LAST BOARDING-HOUSE DODGE.



THOSE CURSED WITH MORE APPETITE THAN IMAGINATION SUFFER MOST.

JOHN COPPERTUG'S REFORMATION.

A SAD TALE OF SELTZER AND LEMON-SODA.

"Gentlemen," said the politician, as he entered the gilded palace of strong drink: "step up and take something with me."

His invitation was accepted by thirteen individuals who were leaning against the bar, or sitting with chairs tilted up against the wall. There was one man, however, who did not respond, but remained in a corner of the saloon with eyes downcast, and sullen, dissatisfied look.

"Every gentleman in the house step up and take a drink!" repeated the politician, with a friendly smile of encouragement: "Won't you join us, sir?" he added, glancing at the morose man who had not responded to his invitation.

"Come," said the bar-tender: "don't take a shingle off a man's house."

The morose man sighed wearily as he arose and strode toward the bar. There was a chill in his voice that was felt by all who heard him say, in sullen tones:

"Gimme a seltzer-lemonade!"

In the sad-faced cold water man who stood leaning on the polished bar few would have recognized the once happy and jovial John Coppertug. Temperance drinks were fast working his ruin. Ever since his decision to vote for St. John he had been a changed man. His wife had not seen him since the day she left him and returned to her father's house. His home was desolate, and he spent his evenings in the glittering corner saloon, where he imbibed temperance drinks until weakened nature compelled him to desist.

And so, on this cool October night, when the electric-light was shining on the pavement without and the gas-light flickering cheerily within, when the politicians were "setting 'em up" with a rapidity that fairly dazzled and bewildered the oldest "heeler" in the room, when even the man-who-sweeps-out-the-saloon-for-a-cocktail felt the kindly and genial warmth of political hospitality, and took his place at the bar for each round—then it was that John Coppertug's better nature began to assert itself.

"Please, sir, will you fill my mother's growler?"

Why did John Coppertug start when he heard these words? They were uttered by a golden-haired child—his own child. Well did he know the tin pail she placed on the bar. It was the growler, the sacred growler of happier days. And the child—little Eva, with sunny curls—was quick to recognize her father. She

approached him shyly, and hid her face in the tails of his Prince Albert coat.

"Come, set 'em up again!" exclaimed the politician.

"Gimme a lemon-soda," said John Coppertug, moodily.

"Oh, father, why do you stick to soft drinks?" said little Eva, in pleading accents: "See, these other gentlemen are all taking hard liquors, just as you used to when we all lived happily together in the little home. We are staying with kind gran'pa now, and he gets full every night, and is, oh! so good to us."

"What's yours, sir?" asked the bar-tender.

For a moment John Coppertug hesitated, then his better nature yielded, and he said:

"Lemon-soda."

A tear stood in little Eva's right eye.

"Take a little of Mr. Gilhooley's old rye," she whispered, coaxingly: "That was what you always used to smell of when you came home and kissed us all, and took us to the theatre. Dear gran'pa says that is the best drink in the world to make a man feel good."

The bar-tender heard her, and placed the whiskey-bottle before the supporter of St. John.

There was a momentary struggle in the temperance man's breast.

"I want lemon-soda," he said, in tones of feeble remonstrance.

"Please, Mr. Bar-tender," said the child, in firm, clear, tones: "please don't sell my father any more temperance drinks. Mother is so afraid he will come home sober again. Winter is coming on, and she has no seal-skin sacque. Oh, please give him a little of that good rye!"

The rough loungers in the saloon were visibly affected.

"Take some of the rye, John, if only to please your child," said the politician, persuasively.

John Coppertug was not a wholly bad man, and now all that was noble in him bravely asserted itself.

"I will," he said, manfully: "and what's more, I'll take a squirt of bitters in it. Run home, Eva, and tell your mother I'll come to her again—full as I used to be. Tell her I'm done with temperance drinks forever."

After that John Coppertug never went home sober again.

Answers for the Anxious.

C. L. D.—Woo Death, rather than the Muse.

A SOAP ADVENTURE.

Old Mr. Wagstaff Thimblejig says the toilet-soap that comes in balls instead of in cakes is an abomination and an evil that should be suppressed by law. One day last week Mr. Thimblejig was standing in the bath-room by the open window washing his hands with one of these spherical specimens of transparent soap.

He couldn't get any lather out of it to save his life by rubbing it on his hands; he was either obliged to get a lather by first rubbing it on his hair, or by holding it pretty tightly in one hand and turning it swiftly around with the other, as a pitcher manipulates a base-ball before delivery to get the proper twist on it.

As he was turning it around for about the fiftieth time, it slipped swiftly from his hand, flew up to the ceiling, and came back, taking Mr. Thimblejig on the nose, and then scudding out through the window.

Before it could touch the ground it came in contact with the dog that was asleep in the path, and drew a yelp out of him that could be heard after the dog was out of sight. From the dog's head it flew against a clothes-pole, and thence up in the air, taking the silk hat off a painter. Then down it came crashing toward young Thimblejig, who couldn't understand what it meant. He had a base-ball bat in his hand, and with that he let the soap-ball have it as hard as he could. He sent the ball flying on a line toward the kitchen door. Before it got there, however, Mr. Wagstaff Thimblejig came bounding through that aperture to get the soap. He got it, too—got it right between the eyes. The meeting was very affecting. As soon as Mr. Thimblejig could regain his feet, he started up-stairs to wash the blood and dust off his face. That soap never got him in such a lather before.

By this time the dog was a mile off, increasing his speed. And the further he got from the house, the more distinctly you could hear him. If he could sign his name to all he was barking, it would not be a very complimentary advertisement for that soap.

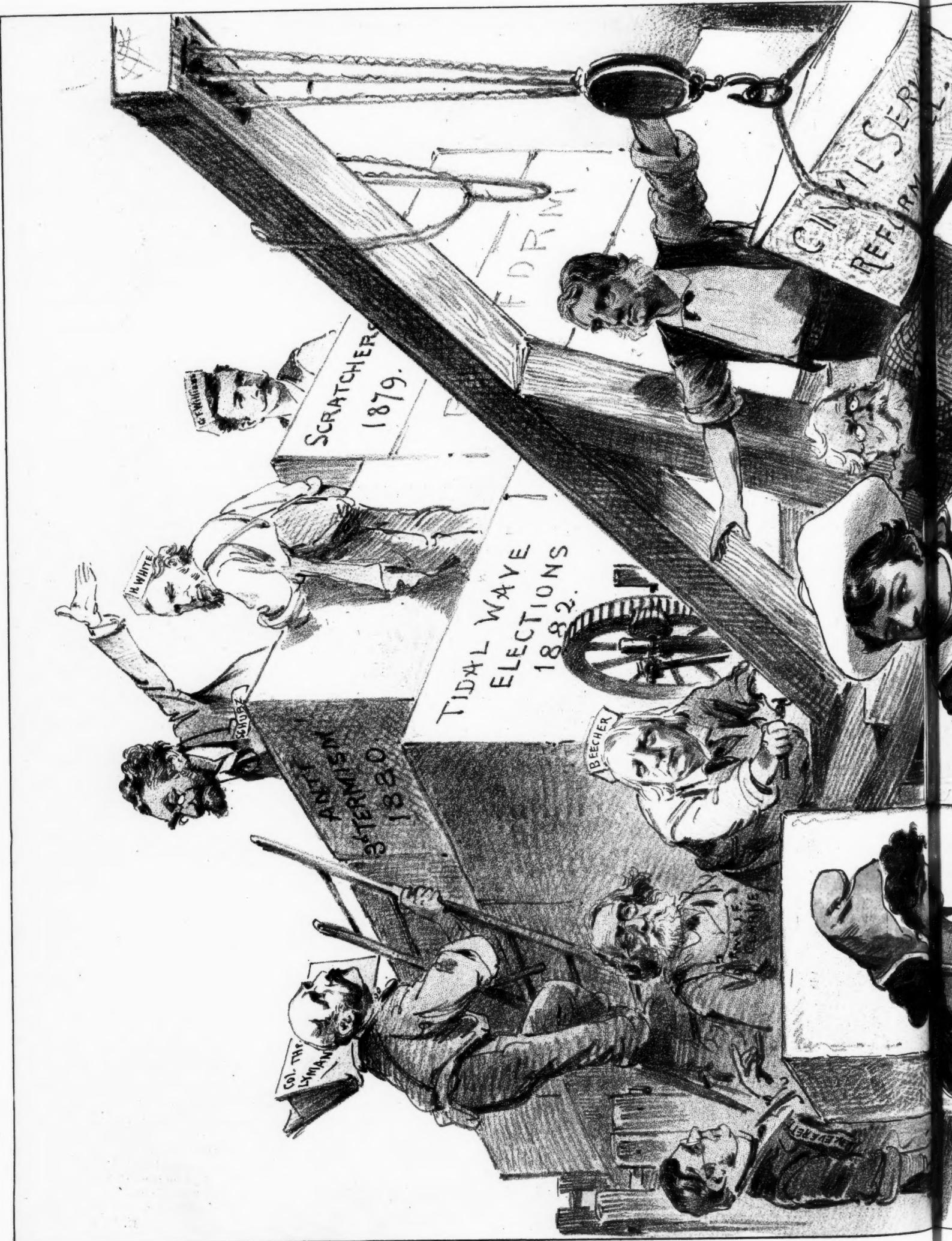
Meantime that soap, after rebounding from Mr. Thimblejig's nose, had taken the liberty of lamming the milkman's horse on the head, and the poor animal ran away, and upset the cans as he went along, thus watering, or milking, the hot, dusty road.

The soap was almost master of the situation. The cook had fled to the cellar. Young Thimblejig came out attired in a base-ball catcher's mask, a fencing-jacket and a tennis-racket. But before he could get on his guard, or rather before he could locate the soap, it came suddenly around the corner of the house, took him on the back of the head, and grassed him like a shot.

As it sped on its course, a nice innocent dog next door saw it coming. He was a sort of trick-dog, and he thought he would catch it, being under the impression that it was hurled for him to fetch. But, instead, it fetched—fetched him right in the mouth, and a few hours later, when he was down at the village being measured for a set of false teeth, he concluded that the next time he ran to get a ball he would run after it, and pick it up after it stopped. But right off the dog's jaw it bounced straight back toward the window, where Mr. Thimblejig was washing the gore off his face, and flying through the aperture, landed square in his hands, and he went on washing his hands with it as though nothing had happened.

After he was through, however, he secured every spherical cake of soap in the house, and flattened them out with a hammer to make them harmless. And he vows that if his wife brings any more of them in the house, he will try to secure an absolute divorce from her.

R. K. MUNKITTRICK.





MEN MAY COME, AND MEN MAY GO; BUT THE WORK OF REFORM SHALL GO ON FOREVER.

AN UNSPEAKABLE MISERY.

AND THE MEANS TAKEN FOR HIS SUPPRESSION BY HIS VICTIM.

This is the time of year when he comes home. The unspeakable misery returns. Blatherskite Biggins abstracts himself from the atmosphere of foreign lands and returns to sit down in his own land—or rather on it. He is a professional tourist. You don't know what a professional tourist is, eh? You know what a professional beauty is, don't you? Well, why should there not be a professional tourist, huh? Oh, you give that one up, do you? Very well, then sit down and don't make any more noise for a year or two.

You behold the costume of this person, and likewise the weird expression of his countenance. This picture was taken from life while he was in the act of crushing a gentleman who had the bad taste to praise the architecture of St. Peter's. Then this great compound of raffied idiocy and refined conceit turned upon him a compassionate stare, and, stroking his profuse red whiskers, said:

"Ah, yes, I see. You do—ah—the usual places, I—ah—presume? Paris, London, Rome, Vienna, Naples, Berlin?"

"Yes, sir, I 'did' those places."

"You don't—ah—do them—ah—every season, do you?"

"I do not go over every season. I have been only once."

"Oh, dear me, what a pity!" exclaimed this iron-clad ignoramus, arising to the dignity of the situation.

Here was his chance. He had caught a man who had been across the water only once, and had visited only the greater cities. Blatherskite Biggins scented a picnic from afar off.

"You see—ah—my dear fellow," he continued: "when a man goes only once he misses the best things—ah—yes, the best things—ah—in Europe. One has to go—ah—very frequently—say a dozen times—before—ah—he begins to know—ah—where the good things—ah—are to be seen. Now, if you—ah—my dear fellow, had been over fifteen or—ah—twenty times, you would know better—ah—than to praise St. Peter's."

"Then," replied his friend: "I am afraid I shall never reach that enviable condition of information."

"No? Pity—ah—great pity, I assure you," was the gibbering thing's answer: "Now, if you had ever—ah—seen the Temple of—ah—Eb at Koofoor—"

"Hello! Where the deuce is Koofoor?"

"Don't you know? Koofoor—ah—is in the province of—ah—Kootlej, upper—ah—Hindoostan."

"But Hindoostan isn't in Europe; it's in Asia."

"Quite right, dear boy; your geography—ah—is immense. But you've got to—ah—go to Asia if you—ah—want to see—ah—rare things. Now the Temple of Deb—"

"Hold on; you called him Eb before."

* "Either name—ah—is correct. The latter is—ah—in the Brahmin dialect."

"Oh, I beg your pardon. You were going to tell me something about the Temple of Eb, were you not?"

"Yes. It is built—ah—of Mexican onyx and is—ah—357 feet high. It is—ah—surrounded by a dome—ah—seventy-six feet high. The solid gold ball—ah—three feet in diameter, on top of the—ah—dome is 433 feet from the—ah—ground. Thus you see—ah—the enormous size of the—ah—temple. The interior is—ah—of the finest Parian marble—ah—and is decorated with huge panels thirty feet square—ah—set with different kinds of precious stones. There is one—ah—of rubies, another of eme-

ralds—ah—and so on. The one—ah—behind the altar is of—ah—diamonds, and when the temple lamps—ah—are lighted, the effect is marvelously fine."

"It must be a wonderful place," said the other man: "I think I shall go there some day. It's very strange that there isn't anything about it in any of the books of travel that I've read."

"Oh, those fellows—ah—are just like you, you see. They—ah—go over the beaten tracks—ah—and miss the best things."

A weird unearthly light came into the eye of the crushed victim. A dark and dismal suspicion that he was being "played" came into his soul. He hitched up his shoulders and, settling back, remarked calmly:

"India is undoubtedly a wonderful place; but as I have never been there, I am not quite competent to judge of it. Still I don't believe it is any more wonderful than Calabria."

The professional tourist started. Blatherskite Biggins experienced a sensation of surprise

"I beg your pardon, you know; but if you'll let me tell you about Calabria, I think you'll change your mind."

"Well, I suppose—ah—it may amuse me."

"Calabria is a province in the northwestern part of Patagonia."

"Where the—ah—deuce is Patagonia?"

"In the southern part of South America. Your geography is not immense."

"I don't know—ah—much about this side—ah—of the Atlantic," murmured Biggins.

"Well, the chief town of Calabria is Polyphormia. There is a Temple of the Sun at this place that was 600 years in building. The stones were all carried by hand from the quarries ten miles distant. Some of the stones are as large as a horse-car, and it required the combined strength of 100 Patagonians to lift them. The people, however, are quite equal to such tasks. The men average 7 feet 6 inches in height. They measure 19 inches around the upper arm, 16 around the fore-arm, and 51 around the chest. They can walk 100 miles a day for three weeks without stopping. I have seen two of them carry a dead cow down to a river and toss her into it as if she were a dead cat. I had a base-ball with me when I was down there, and I asked one of them to throw it. He threw it 800 feet $\frac{1}{2}$ inch by actual measurement. I got up a sparring-match between two of them, and the first round ended by one's knocking the other out of the province. I introduced the Rugby game of foot-ball, and you never saw such fun in your life. They threw each other tremendously, and when a man landed on his head he fairly tore up the ground. The field in which they played didn't have to be plowed that year, and now when the Patagonian farmers want to prepare a field for planting, they just get a couple of their university foot-ball teams to play a game on it. But I started to tell you about the Temple of the Sun at Polyphormia. This temple is built in the shape of a truncated cone and is 537 feet high. The inhabitants carried the stones up inclined planes built on trestle-works. When they had nearly reached the top course of masonry, the inclined plane was so long that it reached all the way to the quarries, 10 miles away. Now the high-priests and other dignitaries of the city get up early every morning, Summer and Winter, and go up to worship the sun as it rises. They are taken up in an elevator which is run by hippopotamus power. The elevator runs in an inclined track on one side of the temple, and is pulled by a chain, which passes over the top of the building, through a pulley and down the other side to the ground, where two hippopotami are harnessed to it. They have no trouble in making the animals go, because, you see, they are headed for the river, and the minute the ostlers slip the blankets off them and let go the bits, they make for the water as fast as they can, and the elevator sails up right smartly. The chain is just long enough to stop the hippopotami on the bank of the river, and—"

"Wait! wait!" exclaimed Blatherskite Biggins, at last getting in a word: "I have heard—ah—enough. I shall—ah—start for—ah—Patagonia at once."

And he incontinently fled, leaving the other man faint with joy.

The truth about Blatherskite Biggins is that he never got further than England in his life. He has a brother who keeps a grocery in Cheapside. He goes over and spends two months every Summer with that relative, and comes back primed with a new stock of yarns.

W. J. HENDERSON.



mingled with another of alarm. What had he fallen on? Or what was about to fall on him?

"Did I understand you to say—ah—Calabria?"

"That was the name of the place."

"I don't recollect—ah—having heard much—ah—of it when I was in Europe."

"Naturally. It's not in Europe."

"In—ah—Asia?"

"No."

"Must be—ah—in Africa, then?"

"Wrong again."

"Then—ah—where the deuce is it?" exclaimed Blatherskite Biggins, looking greatly astonished.

"In South America."

"Oh—ah—on *this* side of the—ah—Atlantic," murmured Biggins, looking much relieved.

"Would you like to hear something about it?"

"Oh, there's—ah—nothing on this side—ah—of the Atlantic worth seeing, you know."

TO A BLOOMING BARDLET.

So you want to achieve fame as a poet, do you? All right, we will tell you what to do—not that we think, from the samples sent us, that you will ever be a singer; but because of your ambition shooting in such a direction. We like the man whose heart beats in sympathy with the poet, and who is himself a poet at heart. If all men were like you, what a happy world it would be, especially for the poet! Because then poetry would be necessary to refined society; every lady would purchase every volume of poetry worth purchasing, and the poet with an *edition de luxe* on the market would occasionally know what part of the market it was on, and would get more than seven dollars and a half annual royalty on his parchment-bound heart-throbs.

Therefore we will give you a little advice with some gray hair on it. In the first place, only write when you have something to say. And say it in as few lines as possible. Don't be too prodigal of adjectives, and don't be too wordy. Above all, don't write something that five or six thousand other people did better before you were born. We will illustrate our meaning by pointing out a few of the subjects that you must avoid and side-track.

Never write a poem on Rain. We all know everything worth knowing about the rain. We know how beautiful it is in the dusty lane when we are in the house by the fire. We know how welcome it is when the crops are parched and dry. We know how welcome it is when the cistern is empty, and you have to carry all the water by hand from the pump a quarter of a mile away. We know how cozy the room feels when rain trickles down the outside of the window-panes like so many sparkling gems. We know how merrily it tinkles on the shingles, and how sweet it is to lie and listen to its sobbing refrain when the roof doesn't leak. And we know the unpoetic side of the rain, too; we know how a young lady dislikes to be caught in the rain with a new hat on; we know just how a shower affects the small boy who is going to play in a base-ball match on Saturday afternoon. We know how the rain fills with dismay the soul of the cat that is sleeping on the top of the fence, and how it makes the man shudder who is obliged to offer his silk umbrella to a caller, that he may get home dry and never return it. Therefore, don't write about rain.

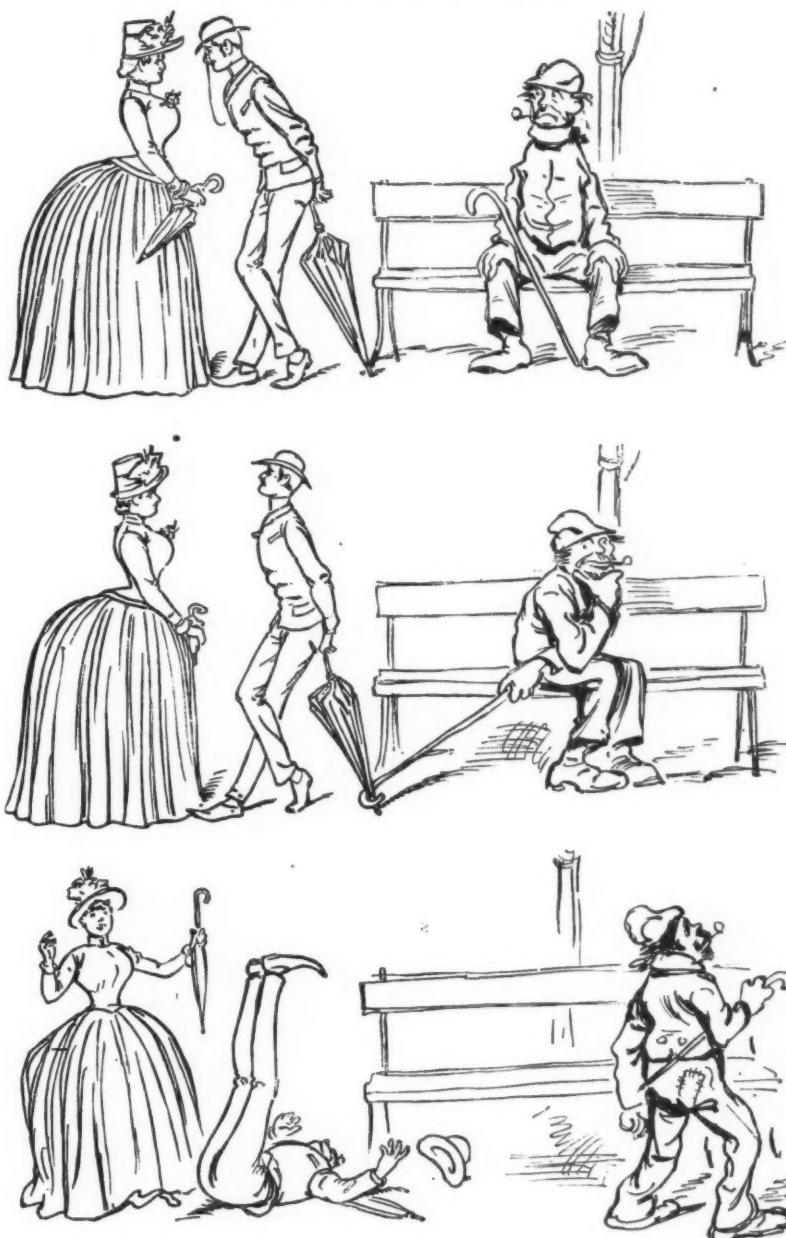
Don't write anything on the subject of the Empty Chair. The empty chair has been killed a long, long while. It has frequently been done in the shape of a high-chair, from which the baby has flown. It is precisely the same as the empty cradle. There is nothing particularly sad about an empty chair. When we get home at night we like to find the old easy-chair empty. If the dog is on it, which he generally is, he is hustled swiftly off, and soon we are lost in happy dreams. If there is anything sad about empty chairs or empty cradles, it is strange that furniture-dealers are not melancholy. All this business about the rattle being unrattled, and the stuffed elephant, and the crimson monkey, and the wooden soldiers lying in idleness because the child who played with them is either dead or married, was stale a hundred years ago. The empty cradle is just about as absurd as the empty boots—empty because grandpa has stopped, and they won't fit any other member of the family. How wild something like this would sound:

Poor old grandpa has departed,
And no more his kind voice falls
On us like a benediction—
Empty are his overalls.

And his old felt hat is hanging
Idly on the dusty rack;
And his ulster will this Winter
Do first-rate for brother Jack.

GRACE, EASE AND AGILITY.

A TRAGEDY IN THREE ACTS.



When the icy wind of Winter
With our red proboscis flirts,
We'll cut down for little Reuben
All of dear old grandpa's shirts.

We shall hear no comic lectures,
Nor be seen at hops and balls,
For we mourn our dear old grandpa—
Empty are his overalls.

Don't do any poems on Waiting. When we say waiting, we mean the poem that represents a girl waiting on the strand for the ship that is to bring back her lover who departed so long ago. If you want to do this act, have the girl waiting for her lover who went out West as tenor in a comic opera company. Have him come back from the West on his feet. That will show what hardship he has been willing to suffer to get back to his best girl. Coming back to her in a ship is no test, alongside of a good long walk on an empty pocket-book and stomach.

Don't address any verses to your pipe because it is old. No pipe ever appreciated it, anyhow. Many men have written odes to clay-pipes made in Massachusetts, and used nothing but Arabian color. How could they expect a Massachusetts pipe to appreciate an ode full of Oriental images, and containing no allusions to Faneuil Hall, Harvard College, the Com-

mon, the Parker House, and John L. Sullivan? What does the pipe of Massachusetts clay know about the muezzin, the Shrine of the Prophet, and Omar Khayyam? Just about as much as the poet; it couldn't know less.

Write nothing on your old shoes, your cat, or your dog, for those are side-tracked subjects that are just as ancient, white-bearded and bald-headed as the Seasons, and they are almost as threadbare as Palengenesis Eumenides or a tramp's Prince Albert coat.

R. K. MUNKITTRICK.

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Lundborg's Perfume, Maréchal Niel Rose.
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When she was a Child, she cried for CASTORIA.
When she became Miss, she clung to CASTORIA.
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Sleeplessness

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78 Madison St., Chicago.

SCENE.—The next room. Door shut. Nothing visible except an audible voice the other side of the door. Enter audible voice, audibly, speaking orally in vocal accents:

"Hah!"
"There, now!"
"Hol' up!"
"Hole dup!"
"Hole dup your red!"
"Can't! you hold your head dup!"
"Put tin!"
"Puttin' tin!"
"Put tin your foot!"
"Turn around!"
"Turn a round!"
"Oh, goodness gracious! Don't you know how to turn around?"
"Hold your head still!"
"Don't do that!"
"T'other arm!"
"The other arm!"
"Oh, great land, go to your mother!"
It is a man dressing his infant son in the morning.—*Brooklyn Eagle*.

ONE Doctor Darus, of Maryland, shot three times at a burglar last Sunday night, and missed him all over the house, every shot. Take away the revolver, doctor. Burglars can be slain without it. The next time a robber enters your house, give him a prescription.—*Brooklyn Eagle*.

A SMOKE-STACK—a bunch of cigarettes.—*Boston Commercial Bulletin*.

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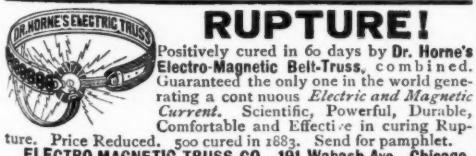
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No more doth Corydon his Phyllis fair await
Beneath the moon,
Or swing with her upon the garden-gate
And sweetly spoon;
For when the forest leaves begin to turn,
Apart from all turmoil,
They sit within the parlor snug and burn
The old man's coal and oil.

—Somerville Journal.

THE new Japanese Minister to the United States, Mr. R. Kuki, has landed at San Francisco. If he'd landed in Boston he'd soon learn to spell his name "Cookie," and to say "dough nut" for "don't."—Philadelphia Evening News.

IT is said dat poverty shows de goodness whut am in er man. Dat may be true, but er man kain't show nigh so much goodness wid poverty ez he ken wid er little money.—Arkansas Traveler

A YOUNG woman has been found in New York who can sing baritone, tenor, soprano and contralto. The person who found her has, we are sorry to say, escaped.—Boston Post.

A BOWERY Museum advertises a curiosity which is half man and half Leyden Jar. It is strongly suspected that he belongs to the Demi-John family.—Life.

Angostura Bitters were prepared by Dr. J. G. B. Siegert for his private use. Their reputation is such to-day that they have become generally known as the best appetizing tonic. Beware of counterfeits. Ask your grocer or druggist for the genuine article, manufactured by Dr. J. G. B. Siegert & Sons.

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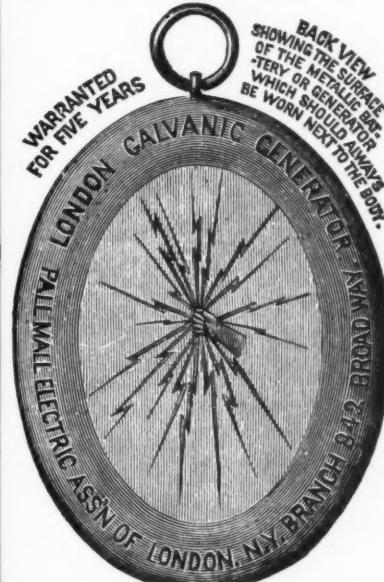
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THE GENERATOR QUICKLY CURES

Stomach, Liver and Kidney Complaints, Constipation, Cough, Debility, Heartburn, Rheumatism, Weak Stomach, Dyspepsia, Aches and Pains, Weak Back, Malaria, Chills and Fever, Nervous Troubles, Sciatica, Vertigo, Indigestion, and all their complications.

There is no Waiting. It acts Immediately. We guarantee each Generator, OUR MOTTO being, "NO CURE, NO PAY."

FROM MAJOR A. H. TOWNSEND—CHICAGO, Ill., December 17th, 1880.—Your Generator is a wonder. It stopped my rheumatic pains in two hours, and it has not returned now in five weeks. I suffered for years, and am truly grateful. The second one has also relieved the pain in my wife's back, and she says it is worth its weight in gold. Please send me two more for a friend.

(Major) A. H. TOWNSEND.

FROM A RAILROAD CONTRACTOR—BOSTON, Mass., January 26th, 1881.—Bad digestion and dyspepsia, caused by hurried eating while traveling, has made me a sufferer for years. Your Generator has made me a well man, and I would advise others to try it. Please send me three more to General P. O., Galveston, Tex.

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YORKSHIRE CENTRE, Cat. Co., N. Y., March 1st.—Dear Sir:—Please send me another of your London Galvanic Generators. The last I ordered was for a lady who was in great distress with dyspepsia. The Generator relieved her immediately. And obliging.

BRIDGEPORT, N. J., Nov. 15th, 1880.—Dear Sir:—Please send me one more London Galvanic Generator. The first one you sent has done so much good that it calls for another. Several of my employees want them, they being satisfied that the Generator is no "humbug."

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Take an old rubber band, or a piece of elastic that has been kept a few months. Stretch it, and you will see that the rubber cracks and remains limp. This will show you the perishable nature of ordinary **CONGRESS SHOES**. The elastic sides of any Congress shoe are **sure to decay** and become worthless UNLESS you buy them. Consequently you should never buy any of one important brand of over-the-counter shoes, unless you see them **INTELLIGENTLY**. Bear in mind that shoes which have been handled by middlemen may have been **piled up and held in stock for months**. It is true that these goods may look as well as ever, and the weakness of the elastic perhaps will not show until the shoes have been worn awhile. **Be cautious about buying Congress Shoes which may have been shelved by middlemen.** If you want to be safe, buy the **JAMES MEANS \$3 SHOE** which is **NOT handled by any middlemen**, but comes **FRESH** from the factory of James Means & Co., to the retailer.

WASTE NOT MONEY ON INFERIOR SHOES.

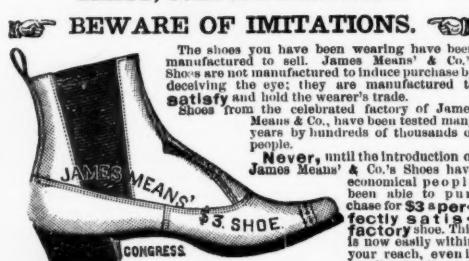
And do not pay extravagant prices. Wear

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Button, Lace and Congress.

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"Yes, sir," answered the proprietor.

"Well, ah, I guess you may give me some, doncher know?"

"Oh, yes; but have you a doctor's prescription?"

"Ah, of course not. What the deuce should I want a prescription for, doncher know?"

"Well, you see," said the druggist: "it might be poison to you, and we have to have a prescription in such cases."

And he went out again into the cruel, harsh world.—*Boston Post*.

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"Thirty days; and I'm going to protest," she said.

"And what is the fortune for which you are made?"

"My face is my fortune," the little note said.—*Brooklyn Eagle*.

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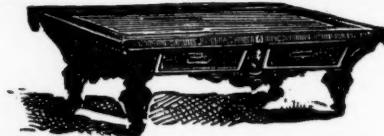
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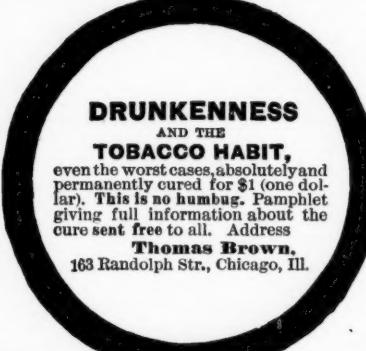
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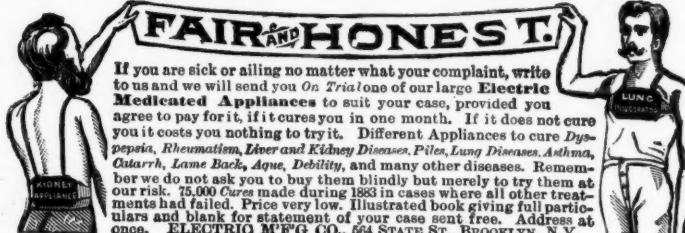


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